

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN

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COMICS

10¢

**Blackhawk**  
and his  
SOLDIERS OF  
FORTUNE  
Patrol the  
World!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# VOLTO

## FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT OF THIS WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERCE INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!



BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAD THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREES FALLING ON ME!



AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO!' MY LEFT HAND REPELS...



JIMMY IS SAVED! BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO! WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!



AND LATER... AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY!

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CANON GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!




SAV! THIS IS GREAT! TUNE I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU—BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SAVELD-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!





A dynamic comic book illustration showing the superhero Blackhawk in his blue suit with a yellow bat-like emblem on the chest. He is in the middle of a fight on a stone rooftop. He has just thrown a large, dark, rectangular object, possibly a safe or a piece of machinery, which is flying through the air towards the right. Several soldiers in dark uniforms are scattered around him. One soldier is being thrown through the air, another is falling, and others are in various states of combat. In the background, there is a stone building with a red-tiled roof and a small figure standing on a higher ledge. The sky is blue with some clouds. The overall style is classic comic book art with bold lines and a limited color palette.

Wipe out the tyrants  
NOW ----

Save the world from  
**ANOTHER WAR!**

Thus speaks  
**Blackhawk!**

# BLACKHAWK





At Blackhawk Island...

THAT CARRIER PIGEON, CHOP-CHOP -- IS IT ONE OF OURS?

NO, MISTER BLACKHAWK! IS STRANGE BIRDSE -- MUST BEAD, GONNA TAKE FALL!



DEAD! SHOOT THROUGH BODY!

THIS MESSAGE IT CARRIED -- ORIENTAL WRITING -- BUT STRANGE!



OLD-FASHION STYLE LIGHTING FROM MOUNTAIN COUNTLESS -- SAI FAN! TELL INVASION -- STRANGERS KILL, BURN!

HEY BLACKHAWK! WHAT CAN GO ON! EXCITEMENT, YAH!



INVASION OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF SAI FAN! SOUNDS LIKE JAP RENEGADES TRYING TO SET UP A HIDDEN BASE!

WHAT WE CAN WAIT FOR! YUMP IN PLANES, GO LUMP THEIR DUMPLINGS!



No wonder word than done! The Blackhawk take the hit!

WE SEEK OUR FORMER OUT AND PUT THEM ALL TO ROUT -- WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



LOOK UP AHEAD! BIG MOUNTAINS -- COUNTLESS OF SAI FAN!

I DOUBT IF THERE'S MUCH OF A LANDING FIELD FOR US, BUT --



FOREIGN DEVILS!

THEY DON'T TRUST OUTSIDERS! NO WONDER, IF THEY'VE MET THE JAPS!













LOOK!  
SAI FAN  
CAVALRY!

THEY HAVE NOT ENOUGH  
HORSES TO MAKE A RUSH  
UPON US! AND MEN ON FOOT  
ARE TOO SLOW — OUR  
GUNS WOULD MOW  
THEM DOWN!



ALL WE ASK IS  
A CHANCE TO  
SHOOT THEM  
FULL OF HOLES,  
EXCELLENCY!

KEEP THE GUARD WELL!  
WE WANT NO CLOSE GRAPPLE  
WITH THOSE SAI FAN  
WAR-FIENDS!



YOU SEE! THE OPEN SPACE  
IS TOO WIDE FOR INFANTRY  
TO CROSS — AND WE ARE  
SHORT ON HORSES!

MY PLANE'S  
MIGHT CATCH  
THAT TOWN OFF  
GUARD AND  
BOMB IT TO  
BITS —



NO, BLADDAWK! THE  
TOWN IS FULL OF OUR  
CAPTURED FRIENDS! THEY  
MUST NOT DIE BY  
BOMBS!

FALL BACK,  
TULA! I SEE  
JAPANESE  
SCOUTS!



I SEE TWO  
ENEMY — A MAN  
AND A  
WOMAN —

CATCH THEM!  
THE MAN WE  
KILL!



SURRENDER!  
WE HAVE  
YOU!

WE WILL TRAP  
THEM AMONG  
THOSE  
TREES!









OUR CHIVALRY SCOUTS  
DID NOT RETURN! FOLLOW  
WITH A STRONG FORCE,  
FIND WHAT  
HAPPENED!



STANISLAUS! WHERE IS  
BLACKHAWK? TELL HIM  
DOT I SEE JAP INFANTRY  
—HEADING THE WAY!

I'M ON THE WAY!  
HENDRICKSON!



YOU'RE RIGHT,  
HENDRICKSON! INFANTRY,  
AND ENOUGH TO OUT-  
NUMBER US, FOUR  
TO ONE!

WE  
RETREAT,  
THEN?



RETREAT, MA BELLIE!  
FROM ONLY FOUR TO  
ONE? YOU DO NOT  
KNOW THE  
BLACKHAWKS!

BUT I FIND  
MYSELF LIKING  
THEM MORE  
AND MORE!



BACK HERE, MEN! THEY'LL  
HAVE TO SQUEEZE TOGETHER  
TO PASS THIS LITTLE POINT  
—AND WE CAN SMASH 'EM  
ALL IN ONE BLOW!

I DON'T  
KNOW YOUR  
PLAN, BUT  
COUNT ME  
IN!



GO SLOW HERE! A SCOUT  
WILL CLIMB ON EACH SIDE  
AND SHOUT A WARNING  
IF THERE IS DANGER!



The scouts climb—but the Blackhawks are ready!

DON'T LET  
THE YIP MAKE  
A YIP!



ALL SEEMS CLEAR—  
NO SOUND UP THERE!  
WE PASS THROUGH  
AND MEET THE  
SCOUTS BEYOND!



WE'VE GOT 'EM  
BOXED IN THE  
PASSAGE!  
OPEN FIRE!



At close range every  
shot goes home—the  
Japanese are cut to  
pieces!



RUN! WARN OUR  
FRIENDS THAT THE  
SAI PAN FORCES ARE  
THREATENING—



RIDE  
THESE MEN  
DOWN!

NONE MUST  
ESCAPE!



BULLSEYE!

NOT ONE WILL  
SURVIVE TO  
CARRY THE  
WARNING!

























A FORTYFOUR REACHES THEIR HEADQUARTERS

EXCELLENT SIR!  
A BIG FIGHT  
AT THE WALLED  
CITY!

SOUND GENERAL  
MOBILIZATION!  
WE GO TO  
RESCUE!

FORWARD!  
APPROACH CITY  
FROM REAR!

NO SOUNDS OF  
COMBAT! ENEMY  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
REPULSED!

While inside  
the walls...

THEY ARE CLOSE  
ENOUGH! OPEN  
FIRE!

WE ARE  
BETRAYED!  
RUN!

HAWK A A A A

PLANES!  
...BLACKHAWK  
PLANES! SO NOW I  
UNDERSTAND!





DISASTER—  
OHNNHHH!



WE CANNOT  
FIGHT BACK!  
FLEE, ALL  
WHO CAN!

And the news comes to the heart of  
the Japanese nation....

JAP FORCES, ATTEMPTING  
TO HIDE OUT IN SAI RAN,  
HAVE BEEN ROUTED  
AND OVERCOME!

FINAL  
DEFEAT  
FOR ALL  
JAPANESE!



While, in  
Sai Fan,  
a victory  
feast!

LET US REJOICE!  
SING US A SONG OF  
YOUR KIND—WE  
WILL JOIN IN!

HAS OUT! IF  
MAM'SELLE  
WILL LEND  
ME AN  
INSTRUMENT—



OVER LAND, OVER SEA,  
WE FIGHT TO MAKE MEN FREE—

YOUR HANDS AND HEARTS ARE GOOD  
AND TEACH US BROTHERHOOD—  
YOU BLACKHAWKS!





# CHOO CHOO

WELL, WHAT DOES THE GREAT ONE HAVE ON THE FIRE NOW TO FURTHER HER CAREER?

CHERRY, MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO MAKE BIG STRIDES IN THE THEATRE TODAY!



SO AM I. CHOO-CHOO! I'M ALMOST LATE FOR WORK!

I HAVE A LITTLE PUBLICITY PLAN WORKED OUT THAT WILL PUT ME ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY PAPER IN TOWN!

DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED OF HUNTING JOBS? WHAT IS IT YOU'RE DOING NOW? ... OH, YES, UGHERRING!

WELL, I GOT TO SEE ALL THE FIRST RUN PICTURES!































OHWH!

## BUSY DAY OF A MODEL



WELL AT LEAST YOU DID WHAT YOU SET OUT TO DO!

AW, KEEP STILL!!





# DEATH PATROL

NOW LOOK HERE, KIDS! HAVE SOME RESPECT FOR THE LAW!

PHOOEY!

G'WAN AND PEDDLE YER JAIL SENTENCES, JUDGE!

ZING!

DEATH PATROL, that fearless gang of CRIMINAL-CATCHING, ADVENTURE-SEEKING Sky Devils, plays nurse-maid to FIVE BAD BOYS!

YER HONOR

JUVENILE COURT

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT! WHAT IS THIS YOUNGER GENERATION COMING TO, ANYWAY?

ZING!

YER HONOR, O' BEAN... WE'RE ENTIRELY WITHIN OUR RIGHTS!... WE PATTERN OUR ACTIVITIES AFTER DEATH PATROL!... SO THERE!

WHAT?





Shortly after, Death Patrol arrives at the Court Grounds...













## JOHNNY DOUGHBOY





# PRIVATE DOGTAG

I'VE GOT THE  
RIGHT EQUIPMENT!  
I'M JUST IN THE  
WRONG WAR!

by  
AL STANLEY



At a home for veterans  
of both sides of the  
Civil War...

I GOT PLENTY OF YOU  
BLUEBELLS AT SHILOH,  
FIGHTING FROM COVER  
THAT SANKY!

CHOK OUT  
MY FIGHT,  
REBEL!

THEN I'LL  
SMOKE YOU OUT!  
CH-A-R-G-E!



















HEY!



I DID NOT SHAVE 'EM OFF! I NEVER HAD 'EM!



MY LITTLE NURSE! UMM-HMM!









Sack at the Veterans' Home ...

AND IF YOU YANKEES  
HADN'T PULLED A LOT OF  
DIRTY TRICKS AT GETTYS-  
BURG, WE'D HAVE WON  
THAT BATTLE!

WHY WE LICKED  
THE DRYLIGHTS OUTTA  
YOU FAIR AND SQUARE!  
DIDN'T WE, TATE?

WHY?

I GUESS BOTH SIDES FOUGHT A PRETTY  
GOOD BATTLE! ANYWAY, WHY ARGUE  
ABOUT ANCIENT HISTORY?

WHAT'S  
COME OVER  
YOU, TATE?

SO WHAT'S THE LATEST INSULT YOU'VE  
BROUGHT UP, EH? WHY, WE COULDN'T  
WIN YOU IN '63  
AND WE STILL CAN!  
TAKE THAT!

SHUCKS! MISSED  
HIM! THAT'S WHAT  
COMES O' NOT  
WETTIN' MUR  
SIGHTS!

HALP!

YOU AIN'T THE  
ONLY ONE'S GOT  
A NEW RIFLE,  
REBEL!

NEW  
RIFLES!

LIVE  
AMMUNITION!

THEY'LL  
KILL EACH  
OTHER!



BUDDY OF TEN IN A TRUCK OUTSIDE.  
TATE! GET OUT AND GRAB YOURSELF  
ONE! WE'VE GOT TO FINISH  
THESE REBS THIS TIME!

SHO'D HAVE BEEN  
FOOLISH ENOUGH TO  
LEAVE A TRUCKLOAD  
OF REBBS—? I GULP!  
—I MEAN—!



CHARGE  
THE YANKS.  
BOYS!

HOLD  
YOUR  
GROUND,  
MEN!



GIVE US A HAND, TATE! WE  
NEED EVERY MAN WE CAN  
GET! DON'T DESERT US  
NOW!

BUT...!



Meanwhile—with Private Tate in the tank—

JUST CAN'T  
SEEM TO  
STOP THE  
DURN  
THING!



HELP! A  
TANK!

NEVER  
HAD ANY-  
THING LIKE  
THIS IN  
THE OTHER  
WAR!



TRUCE!  
WE'RE  
CORNERED!









# MOUNTAINS OF GLASS

LANCE CONNOR sat on the edge of the Sacred Well and gazed off into the blue limitless distance where the flat veldt merged with the Mountains of Glass.

"I can't figure it out," he said to Hans Till, the Dutch planter from Capetown. "Three parties, all well armed and informed as to the country and natives, go up there and simply vanish." He shook his head.

"Well, you know de superstitions of de dark land, Lance," said Hans sententiously. "Dark-est Africa dey calls id. Und sometimes I tink dey have somethings."

"Boah!" Lance got up and dusted his whipcord trousers. "That stuff was all right a half century ago, Hans, but—Oh, here comes M'tai."

The native trotted up and halted before the two men. "No word, bwana," he reported. "I have left word to report if anything happens."

"Good," said Lance. "Perhaps tonight the drums will tell us something." He strolled off and slumped down in a folding chair in front of his tent.

The blazing sun burned like a torch. Birds, rancous and loud, screamed from the nearby jungle in a jangled psalm of sound. Flies buzzed in a cloud around his head. Thank heaven, he thought, they were above the marsh country where mosquitoes as big as buffaloes made life miserable.

Lance drew the crumpled old map from his pocket. It was written in a scrawly hand on a piece of heavy wrapping paper. It was old. Commissioner Wright of the Nyanza district said it must be forty years old at least. It had been written by one Toby Mandall.

Toby Mandall had been Lance's great uncle on his fath-

er's side—a roving, tireless spirit who had traveled the far corners of the earth looking for anything that offered a thrill for the taking. Or a fight. Toby had been one to use his fists.

Lance of course didn't remember Toby; he'd passed out of the picture before Lance had appeared in the world. But somehow Lance felt that Toby Mandall was still living; that his spirit would not and could not be killed.

Just what had happened to Toby was the real reason for this trek into the Mountains of Glass. Lance all his life had wanted to make the trip to search for the famous old explorer. Now he was on his own, heading his own safari and well on the way.

But months had passed since he came to Africa. Two expeditions—no, three—had disappeared into that scowling north country of the great ape, and never come back.

It would seem that Death lurked in those frowning mountains of mystery. For how else account for three well-outfitted parties who failed to return after so many months?

Oh, yes, the map. Toby had sent the map out with a trusted boy, and by devious routes it had at last come into Lance's hands. It showed where one might find, if one were exceedingly clever, a gold mine so rich that it could not be compared to anything else in the entire world.

"Gold is where you find it," the old prospector said. Well, Toby had evidently found it up there in those forbidding ramparts above the mere line.

Lance meant to rediscover it! That night there were no drum signals, and so Lance knew that nothing had been seen of the lost party. Were

they no more like the others? What mystery lurked up there in the Mountains of Glass?

Lance got his safari under way early the next morning and soon they were on their way to the north. There was silence among the natives, who feared that trek more than they would let on. Brave men every one of them, but the power of suggestion is strong. Fear of the unknown is the worst fear of all.

By three that afternoon they were in the land of the Pigmies, those strange human caricatures about whom ethnologists knew almost nothing. Short, squat, animal-like in their appearance, the Pigmies were feared for their poison darts, their cannibalism.

No Pigmies were sighted the first day, and the natives breathed easier; it was getting close to the northern bounds of the Pigmy country. Maybe they would see some of the little men.

But early the next morning the lead beater was hit by a long dart. He let out a scream and pitched on his face. Lance ran up to him. He was rolling and moaning, going into convulsions. The Pigmy poison was evil stuff, very deadly. Lance did all he could for the man. But he died after a few minutes, and they had to bury him along the trail.

The effect on the other natives was instantaneous. They shivered and spoke in hushed tones to each other. Fear, stark and terrible, sat on every one of them. Lance talked to them, assuring them that they were now far out of the Pigmy country and that there would be no more trouble from the little men.

Mile after mile fell behind. Lance pondered what type of people inhabited the country of



the Mountains of Glass. No one had ever returned from that mysterious land.

On the fifth day they entered a deep canyon and Lance called a halt. Here was as good a place to make permanent camp as anywhere. Water plenty flowed over them in a narrow, rushing stream. It was cold even at this season; they had to climb several thousand feet higher. Up there it would be intensely cold. They had come prepared.

Lance debated going ahead alone, but Hans Till vetoed that. "Nah, Lance, too dangerous. We'll take a few of the best boys, well armed."

That evening Lance studied his map. It gave a fair approximation of the canyon in which they had made camp. Beyond it, and readily climbing, it showed a flat surface of cliff. On this they had made some marks which Lance could not make out. Hieroglyphics. Maybe he missed some ancient race held sway in this valley. Then there was a sketch of a great white ape and a series of the ape's footprints leading into the cliff. There was no indication of a river.

Lance put the map away and tucked himself in his blankets. The fire had burned to a few embers. It was quiet in the canyon. Hans snored nearby. The blacks ringed the little campsite, their spears stacked close to them.

The scream that woke Lance brought him upright. The scream was repeated, farther and farther. It sent a shiver down his spine. The cry of a fighting gorilla, then which there is no other blood-curdling sound in the jungle.

Hans Till didn't stir; he was accustomed to the sounds of jungle life. Lance lay back, and he dropped to sleep again.

The party got under way just after dawn. They forged upward over a rocky trail that here and there showed huge footprints of the apes. It grew cold-

Then they were abreast of the Mountains of Glass—towering escarpments of gleaming mica. Lance made a snap guess that there were millions of tons of the stuff visible in the morning sun. A fortune in mica right there! But gold was what he wanted.

They marched along the base of the mica cliffs, seeing nothing, hearing not a sound except those made by their progress. Then suddenly a scream tore the quiet. And bounding down toward them came a troop of shaggy white apes, gigantic creatures screaming and beating their breasts. Lance and Hans began firing into the pack, but the bullets didn't stop them. A few fell, but more came on. Soon they were going down under the weight of the animal attack. Lance was struck on the head and everything went black.

The next thing he knew he was being carried up a twisting path. It was dark. He smelled the ugly fur of the giant ape that lugged him. Then at a bend in the trail he looked at a sudden flash of light on his right. He gasped. He was behind the wall of mica, far up the cliff. He could see down into the canyon a thousand feet. Then he knew how the apes could watch the trail into this forbidden land—watch from behind the mica walls, without showing themselves.

But what was this? Apes were not that smart. What were they going to do with him? Surely this was a man-directed pilgrimage. Where were they bound?

Soon they came to a great cavern, dark on three sides but on the right covered by a vast sheet of clear mica. It overlooked a dizzy view of the canyon floor. Then Lance saw the old man who squatted on a throne at one side of the cavern. He was dressed in the white hide of an ape, but the headpiece was thrown back revealing the face of a whiskered white man!

"Toby!" shouted Lance. The

great ape put him down and he walked toward the throne. "Toby!" he said again. Slow recognition came into the pale eyes staring from the whiskered face. "Uncle Toby, don't you know me?"

"Lance!" croaked the man. "It is you, nephew!"

"Yes," said Lance. "Why, you're a king here!"

Toby laughed long and loudly. His eyes glowed. Plainly he was at least partially insane. "Ho, ho! A king! Yes, indeed a king, Lance! A king of the white apes!" He laughed again. Then he made clucking noises to the several apes that crouched around the apartment. They silently disappeared.

Lance's eyes bugged. "You mean you can talk their language, Uncle Toby?"

"Why not?" said the old man. "I've been here forty years, living with 'em. They won't let me leave. I guess they think I'm king, all right. But I don't want to leave now, boy. Been away too long. Anyway I never liked people much. . . ." He stared into the distance.

"But I," began Lance. "Will they let me leave? I came to find you."

"They will if I tell 'em so. But not your men."

"What happened to the other three parties?" Lance asked. "Were they—"

"Killed," stated the old man bluntly. "Had nothing to do with it. Dumb why they saved you, Lance. Maybe you can't get out either. Think you'd like to take over as king of the white apes, boy?" Toby laughed crazily.

Lance looked around. A dozen huge apes crept up toward him, their eyes blazing. Toby laughed again.

Lance drew his revolver, but Toby grabbed his arm. "No, no," he screamed. "Let me handle this. . . ."

WILL LANCE GET AWAY FROM THE APES? WE'LL SEE NEXT MONTH.



# EZRA













YIPES!

-CORRECT METHOD OF  
TRAINING THE  
FRENCH POODLEGULP! I WISH  
I COULD PUT IT  
BACK ON!WELL, WISHING  
WON'T MAKE  
IT SO!BUT THERE'S MORE  
THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN  
A CAT! — AND THAT'S  
TO SHEAR  
A DOG!

?

IF I'M LUCKY,  
MR. DANIELS WILL  
NEVER KNOW  
THE DIFFERENCE!

EZZZZ!

WELL, THINK  
THIS IS THE  
FRENCH POODLE!AND WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING TO DO  
WITH THE OTHER  
DOG?MAYBE HE'LL THINK  
THAT'S A NEW  
DOG!EZRA! WHAT  
IN THE  
WORLD—?Special! TODAY  
UNUSUAL  
TYPE DOGS  
½ OFF







THIS LAUNDRY SOAP WILL  
TAKE THE INK SPOTS  
OUT ... I HOPE!



I GULP! IT'S JUST AS BAD  
AS BEFORE! OW!  
WHAT A FIX!



WHY DIDN'T  
I THINK OF THIS  
BEFORE?



THIS IS SURE TO  
REMOVE THE  
SPOTS FROM IN  
FRONT OF MY  
EYES!



BOTH OF THEM?  
BUT, BUT ...



BEAUTIFUL!  
IT TOOK A FULL  
BOTTLE OF BLEACHING  
FLUID TO DO IT!

YOU DID A SWELL  
JOB ON BOTH OF  
THEM, EXTRA!









TIME passes  
and TIME  
takes care  
of all  
things —  
they say!

GOSH, I HOPE ROLLO  
MADE OUT ALL RIGHT  
WITH MR. DANIELS  
AND THE DOGS!

OOGH!  
DON'T  
MENTION  
DOGS!

**BIJOU**  
"LADDIE GO HOME"  
"MAN'S BEST FRIEND  
IS HIS DOG" ..... ALSO  
"NO DOG IS BETTER THAN HOME"  
— A SILENT COMEDY —

THREE  
DOG  
PICTURES!

WHAT A SHAME, EZRA!  
WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK!  
I KNOW YOU DON'T  
WANT TO SIT THROUGH  
THIS SHOW!

GULP!

OH, HEH, HEH — I DON'T  
MIND! LET'S HURRY! HE  
DON'T WANT TO MISS  
ANY OF IT!

BUT—BUT—  
EZRA, I  
THOUGHT—

TALK ABOUT WOMEN!  
YOU MEN SURE CAN  
CHANGE YOUR MINDS  
IN A HURRY!

THE CREEP THINKS I  
DIDN'T SEE HIM SNEAK  
IN! WE'LL HAVE TO  
COME OUT SOME  
TIME!

**BIJO**



# PT Boat

ORDERS FOR MTB SQUADRON SIX:  
The enemy base at Mawuino Island has been overrun.  
But the Japs still hold the floating steel fortress in the  
harbor mouth. Until they are dislodged, Mawuino harbor  
is useless to our shipping.  
This looks like an impossible job. Proceed to do the  
impossible, and without delay!

Lt. Perry  
Tobias

Lt. Paul  
Harvey





The thunder of guns falls silent on Mawutno Island. And then—

SURRENDER!  
OR WE'LL  
BLOW YOU  
TO BITS!

THINK  
THE JAPS  
HEARD  
YOU?

WE'LL GET  
THEIR ANSWER  
IN A MINUTE!

THE YINGGEES DEMAND  
SURRENDER, SIR!  
ALL OUR TROOPS  
ON THE ISLAND  
ARE TRAPPED OUT!

WE  
SHALL  
FIGHT!

THIS FORTRESS COMMANDS  
THE HARBOR ENTRANCE!  
WHILE WE STAY HERE, NO  
SHIPS CAN PASS! NO  
SUPPLIES CAN REACH  
THE ENEMY TROOPS!

THESE WALLS ARE BUILT OF STEEL,  
SIXTEEN FEET THICK! WE ARE  
SAFE FROM SHELLS OR BOMBS!  
IF THE YINGGEES TRY TO CAPTURE  
THE FORT BY ASSAULT, WE WILL  
DEATH THEM IN THEIR  
OWN BLOOD!

FIRE!

THERE'S  
YOUR  
ANSWER!

WE WILL REPLY IN  
KIND! BRING UP THE  
SHORE BATTERIES! POUR  
A SALVAGE ONTO THAT  
FLOATING FORTRESS!



Some time later, at the home base of MTB Squadron Six --





HERE WE GO!  
WE MISSED THE  
BRIEFING  
SESSION!

THANKS TO  
YOU, WE DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
WHERE WE'RE  
GOING!

I WONDER  
IF IT MEANS  
SHE LOVES  
ME?

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
PLAYING ESCORT  
TO THAT SUPPLY  
SHIP!

LOOK,  
PERRY!

HOOTIN'  
ZOOTS! A  
LANDLOCKED  
BATTLE-  
SHIP!

OUR SHORE  
GUNS ARE  
BLASTING  
AWAY!

BUT THE  
SHELLS  
BOUNCE OFF  
LIKE B-B  
SHOT!

NOW I GET IT! WE'RE SUPPOSED  
TO GET THAT SUPPLY SHIP INTO THE  
HARBOR! WE'LL KEEP THE FORT  
BUSY WHILE OUR SHIP  
UNLOADS!

ANYWAY, IT'S A GOOD  
THEORY!... TORPEDO  
AWAY!









At night - and through thickening darkness a single PT boat moves out of the base, creeping under the weight of piled oil drums -





Softly the PT boat rubs its side against the steel slopes —

SO FAR,  
SO GOOD!

UNLOAD THE DRUMS!  
I'LL LOOK FOR A WAY  
INSIDE, SO I CAN  
PLANT THE  
DETONATOR!

GOOD  
LUCK!

HERE'S AN  
ENTRANCE THE  
HIP'S LEFT  
UNGUARDED!

THE LIGHT  
GLOWS! SOMEONE  
ENTERS THE  
FORT!

**CLANG! CLANG!**  
**CLANG! CLANG!**  
**CLANG! CLANG!**

GOOD NIGHT,  
SUSAN! I  
MUST HAVE  
SET OFF AN  
AIR RAID  
ALARM!

MAN THE GUNS!  
WE MUST REPEL THE  
INVADERS!

THE CONTROL SWITCH!  
IT WILL SEAL OFF  
THE UPPER CHAMBERS!



IMAGINE  
MEETING YOU  
HERE!

NOW WE'RE  
FORMALLY  
INTRODUCED!

WHAT  
TH—!

TRICKY LITTLE  
DEVIL, AREN'T  
YOU?

BUT YOU'RE A  
LITTLE TOO SLOW  
FOR A BOY FROM  
TEXAS!

AAAAHHH!

Meanwhile —

AIEEEEEEE!

WHY ARE THEY  
COMPLAINING?  
THEY'RE GETTING  
GASOLINE  
WITHOUT A  
RATION CARD!









# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You  
6 Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



Send you following Equipment and Radio Parts, show you how to do Radio making, how to connect and repair. Radio Parts, give you practical experience.



Early in my career I sold this kit to build the N.R.I. radio with parts I used. It was built up for experimental Radio and very EXTRA money to give you.



This kit gives you Radio Circuitry, how to connect, how to repair, how to build, how to design, connect, repair, how to build and make small radio.



You get parts to build this Famous Tube Tester Pack, make changes, which give you experience with loads of many kinds, more to connect, power and trouble.



Building this A. M. Speed Converter gives you many valuable experience. It includes experimental circuits for many kinds and experiments.



You build this Superbass Radio, which gives you a lot of experience, how to connect, power, and make, more to build, you can make in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO - Win Success Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Man is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics. The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



My Course Includes Training in  
TELEVISION - ELECTRONICS  
FREQUENCY MODULATION



# "VEST POCKET" POWER

## Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

**E**LECTRONIC experts have largely outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made portable hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

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